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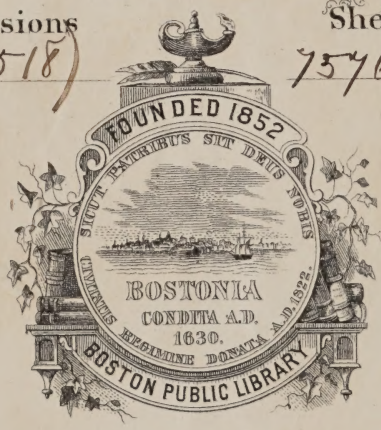

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Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals.

BY GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

When 'twixt the drawn forces of Night and of Morning,
Strange visions steal down to the slumbers of men:
From heaven's bright stronghold once issued a warning,
Which baffled all scorning, when brought to my ken.

Methought there descended the Saints and the Sages,
With grief-stricken aspects and wringing of hands,
Till Dreamland seemed filled with the anguish of ages,
The blots of Time's pages, the woes of all lands.

And I, who had dreamed that their bliss knew no sorrow
(Half vexed with their advent, half awed with their might)—
Cried, "Come ye from heaven, Earth's aspect to borrow,
To mar with wierd sorrow the peace of the night?"

They answered me sternly, "Thy knowlege is mortal;
Thou hear'st not as we must, the plaints without tongue:
The wrongs that come beating the crystalline portal,
Inflicted by mortals on those who are dumb.

They crumble to dust; but we, watchers remaining,
Attest their endurance through centuries long,
Oh, fear! lest in future to judgment attaining,
These lives, uncomplaining, wax awful and strong."

JULIA C. VERPLANCK.

These Lessons were originally written for "The Primary Teacher," a publication of very wide circulation in American primary schools. They have also been thus far republished to greater or less extent in most of our American humane journals; also in the "Animal World" (England); also in Germany.

BOSTON, July 1st, 1882. **GEO. T. ANGELL.**

Wright & Potter Printing Company, 18 Post Office Square, Boston, Mass.

FIRST LESSON.

Maker of earth, and sea and sky,
Creation's Sovereign Lord and King;
Who hung the starry worlds on high
And formed alike the sparrow's wing:
Bless the dumb creatures of Thy care,
And listen to their voiceless prayer.

EMILY B. LORD.

"BELL OF JUSTICE."

[To be read to pupils by Primary Teachers.]

It is a beautiful story, that in one of the old cities of Italy, the king caused a bell to be hung in a tower in one of the public squares, and called it the "Bell of Justice," and commanded that any one who had been wronged should go and ring the bell, and so call the magistrate of the city and ask and receive justice.

And when, in course of time, the lower end of the bell-rope rotted away, a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it; and one day and old and starving horse, that had been abandoned by its owner and turned out to die, wandered into the tower, and in trying to eat the vine, rang the bell. And the magistrate of the city, coming to see who had rung the bell, found this old and starving horse. And he caused the owner of the horse in whose service he had toiled and been worn out, to be summoned before him, and decreed, that as this poor horse had rung the "Bell of Justice," he should have justice, and that during the remainder of the horse's life his owner should provide for him proper food and drink and stable.

Until about sixty years ago there were no laws anywhere to properly protect from great cruelty these dumb creatures that toil for us, and die for us, and make our lives happier and more useful; and so wicked and unmerciful men used to beat them, and work them beyond their strength, and give them too little food, and not properly care for them in cold weather, and in many other ways treat them cruelly and unjustly, and so make their lives very unhappy and miserable. But about sixty years ago some of the good people of England determined that there should be laws to protect these dumb creatures from being abused; and so they formed a society for that purpose, which has become very great and powerful. In other countries good people, seeing what had been done in England, began also to form other societies of the same kind. And so the good work has gone on, until in almost every Christian country of the world, — in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and many islands of the ocean, — these societies have been formed.

And now, within a few years, *the children* have taken hold of this work, and hundreds, and perhaps thousands

of societies of *boys and girls* have been formed in various parts of the world, many in Europe, and some in America, to protect animals from cruelty.

"BANDS OF MERCY."

In England many of these societies are called "Bands of Mercy," and all the boys and girls that belong to them promise to do all they can "*to protect animals from cruel usage, and to promote, so far as they can, their humane treatment.*" And all the boys and girls that belong to these societies have cards of membership to hang up in their homes, so that visitors may see that they belong to these societies. And they have monthly meetings, where they read, and hear, and tell stories about animals, and recite poems and sing hymns, and have addresses from older people.

In the public schools of Philadelphia over three thousand boys belong to these societies, and each has a "German-silver badge" in the form of a horse's head, and each society has a flag or banner of different color, — blue, cherry, rose, etc. The teachers take charge of them. And they have meetings at which stories are read aloud and recited, and songs are sung, and addresses are made by the teachers and others; and they have a reading-room, and a library of interesting books. Sometimes they march to music in the school-rooms and sometimes they have a great Union meeting in some public hall, where prominent gentlemen go and address them.

But probably the largest society of boys and girls in the world is one in England, called "The Dicky Bird Society." It was started to protect the birds and their nests, but now includes other creatures. Over thirty-seven thousand boys and girls now belong to this society, and they all promise *to be kind to all harmless creatures, and to protect them to the utmost of their power, to feed the birds in winter, and to never take or destroy a nest;* and that they will all try to get as many boys and girls as possible to join "The Dicky Bird Society."

In the life of a good man named Thoreau, who lived in Concord, Mass., a few years ago, and who was very kind to all God's harmless creatures, it is stated that even the "fishes came into his hand when he dipped it into the stream; the little mice would come and playfully eat from his fingers, and the very moles paid him friendly visits. Sparrows alighted on his shoulders when he called them; Phœbes built their nests in his shed, and the wild partridge with her brood, came and fed quietly beneath his window, as he sat and looked at them."

"After he had been two or three months in the woods the wild birds ceased to be afraid of him, and would come and perch on his shoulder, and sometimes on his spade when he was digging."

I think, if the birds could vote, they would make Thoreau an honor-

ary member of "The Dicky Bird Society."

SOME QUESTIONS.

[Others to be added by teachers.]

What can you tell about the "Bell of Justice"?

When did they first form a society to protect animals, and where?

Where are there such societies now?

When did boys and girls begin to form such societies?

What are many of them called in England?

What do they promise to do?

Where are their cards of membership hung, and why?

What do they do at meetings?

How many boys in the public schools of Philadelphia belong to these societies?

What badge do they wear?

What banners do they have?

What is done at their meetings?

What can you tell about "The Dicky Bird Society"?

Where did Thoreau live?

What can you tell about the friendship of the fishes and birds for Thoreau?

If the birds could vote, what might they do?

SECOND LESSON.

On Thee each living soul awaits,
From Thee, O Lord, all seek their food·
Thou openest Thy hand
And fillest all with good.

— *Haydn's Creation.*

"WHAT WE OWE TO ANIMALS."

[To be read to pupils by Primary Teachers.]

Those who have read the story of Robinson Crusoe, the sailor who was shipwrecked on an island not inhabited by white men, will remember how he soon made companions of the various animals he found there, and with their aid sustained life until he was rescued. If one of us should be shipwrecked on a desert island where no animal lived,—no horse to draw us, no ox to toil for us, no cow or goat to give us milk, no sheep to give us wool, no hens to give us eggs, no dog to be our companion and guard us in the night, no cat to lie on the hearth, no birds to sing their songs, no living creature to keep us company, no sound of living thing by day or night, only solitude and silence everywhere; with nothing to eat but such roots as we could dig from the earth, and nothing to wear but such bark as we could

pluck from the trees, we should then know how much we owe to these creatures, which God has mercifully provided for our use. And ever afterwards, if we escape from such a life, how grateful we should be to God for giving them, and how grateful to them for the services they render us.

It has been said by those who have studied, that if *only* the birds were all destroyed, we could not live on the earth, for the insects which birds eat would destroy all the vegetation, and all human and animal life would perish.

BENEFIT OF ANIMALS.

Let us consider what we owe to animals. Some of them, such as cows, sheep, and goats, supply us with both food and clothing.

The ox toils for us, and also supplies us with food and clothing.

Horses, mules, and donkies toil for us through life, up to old age. All that these animals get in return for their services is only their simple food and water, with shelter from the weather, sometimes very poor, cold in winter and hot in summer.

The dog is the companion and faithful friend of his master; whether the master be rich or poor he never deserts him, follows him as cheerfully to a hovel as to a palace, and asks in return only words of kindness, and the leavings of his master's table.

The cat keeps our houses free from mice, and makes them more cheerful.

Hosts of animals there are that make the world more pleasant, and our lives happier. They add a charm to the meadows by their bleating and browsing, and peaceful existence. They make the woods pleasant with their sweet songs and fair plumage. They peep with bright eyes from tree, and bank, and bush. They cover and fill the streams, and ponds, and lakes, and ocean, with their brilliant forms and abundant life. Since they do so much for us, we should do all we can to make their lives comfortable and happy, and always give them proper food, and shelter, and care, and kind word, and kind treatment.

A FABLE.

In an Eastern fable it is told that Amurath, sultan or emperor of the East, once in a sudden fit of anger cruelly struck a dog that was playing about his feet. At once a peal of thunder was heard in the palace and the Spirit Syndarac stood before him.

"Amurath," said he, "thou hast struck thy innocent brother, who, like thee, has received from the Almighty capacity of pleasure and pain. If thou art justified in giving pain to him, I, Syndarac, shall be justified in giving pain to thee."

From this fable let us learn that if we cruelly cause weaker creatures to suffer, God, who made them, may cause us to suffer in return.

SOME QUESTIONS.

[Others to be added by teachers.]

If we were shipwrecked on a desert island where there was no bird, nor

any living animal, what should we be compelled to eat, and what could we find to wear?

If all the birds on earth were destroyed, what is it said would happen, and why?

What benefits do we receive from cows, sheep, goats, oxen, and horses; and what do they get in return?

What does the dog do for us, and what does he ask in return?

What does the cat do for us?

How do hosts of other animals make our lives happier?

What ought we to do for them?

What can you tell about the Eastern fable of Amurath, sultan of the East?

What may we learn from that fable?

THIRD LESSON.

Be kind to dumb creatures, be gentle, be true,
For food and protection they look up to you;
For affection and help to your bounty they turn.
Oh, do not their trusting hearts wantonly spurn!

"THE CATTLE."

[To be read to pupils by Primary Teachers.]

In the first chapter of Genesis we are told that "God made the cattle"; and in the eighth chapter of Genesis, that "God remembered the cattle." In the one hundred and fourth Psalm, that "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle"; and in the fiftieth Psalm, that "the cattle on a thousand hills are His."

If God *made* the cattle, and *remembers* the cattle, and *causeth grass to grow* for the cattle, and *the cattle on a thousand hills are His*, will He not remember those who cruelly treat the cattle,— those who carry them several days on the railroads with no food or water,— those who kill them very cruelly in the slaughter-houses, — those who take the little calves from their mothers when very young and treat them cruelly, — those who, to save the cost of hay, give their cattle so little food in winter that they are half starved, and become lean and sick?

Sometimes cattle suffer more than a thousand deaths because their cruel keepers do not give them enough food in winter; and many times they suffer in winter because their keepers do not provide comfortable barns.

Cruelty to cattle and other animals in keeping them, or in killing them, injures their meats, making them unwholesome, and sometimes poisonous. So, also, cruelty to cows often makes their milk, and the butter and cheese that is made from the milk, unwholesome and poisonous.

I should not like to eat the meats of animals that had suffered on the cars, just before they were killed, or that

had been killed in a cruel manner, knowing beforehand, that they were to be killed. They should all be killed instantly, either by shooting them in the head, or otherwise, and no animal should ever be compelled to see another animal killed.

WHAT AGASSIZ TAUGHT.

The great teacher, Agassiz, used to teach his pupils to quickly kill even the fish they caught as soon as they were taken out of the water, by strik- them on the back of the head with a stick or stone, because fish that die as soon as they are caught are much better than those that die slowly and suffer before they die.

No creature, either bird, or beast, or fish, should ever be permitted to suffer long before dying, because it is cruel to the creature and injures the meat. The Massachusetts Society for preventing cruelty to animals publishes a little book showing how all domestic creatures can be killed in a merciful way.

I would not like to drink the milk of a cow that had been frightened, or in any way abused, for I should know it would not be wholesome. I should not like to drink the milk of a cow that is kept *alone* in a stable, or that does not have fresh air, exercise, and sunshine; for a creature that is kept alone is likely to be very lonely and unhappy, and a creature that does not have air, exercise, and sunshine is likely to be unhealthy, and give poor and dangerous milk. If we want good milk we must treat the cows kindly. One of the greatest dairymen of America says that "*he always speaks as kindly to his cows as he would to a lady.*" We cannot treat unkindly any of God's creatures that supply us with food without danger of suffering ourselves.

If you think that cattle have no intelligence, you are mistaken. They understand what their drivers say to them. They understand how to defend themselves when droves of them are attacked by wild animals,—always putting the younger and weaker ones in the middle, while the stronger meet the enemy with their horns In southern Africa, oxen have been taught to fight in battles for the tribe to which they belong. (See "Ox" in *Chambers' Encyclopœdia.*) Cows have great affection for their young. The gentlest cow will fight for her calf. At North Conway, near the White Mountains, a few years ago, a cow fought and wounded and drove off a large bear that tried to get her calf.

STORY OF A BOY.

I have recently read an account of a boy about fourteen years old who, while watching the cows, was attacked by a wolf. One of the cows came to his rescue, attacked the wolf, and saved the boy's life. I know that cows have gratitude, for some years ago I was crossing a field in Dorchester, near Boston, Mass., and found a cow which had been tied to a tree with a long rope. In feeding she had gotten

the rope wound about her legs and been thrown to the ground, and in struggling to get away had gotten the rope still more wound about her, until she lay entirely helpless. When, after a long time, I succeeded in unwinding the rope and getting her on her feet, she came to me, with a kind look in her eyes, and lapped my coat-sleeve with her tongue. When I went home I told the folks that I had met a lady in great distress, and had relieved her, and that she had rewarded me with a kiss.

Cows have often been trained to know their names, and come when called. The great American statesman and orator, Daniel Webster, asked, just before he died, that all his cattle, which he loved so much, should be driven to his window, that he might see them for the last time; and as they came, one by one, to his window, he called each by name.

Let us always remember how the oxen toil for us; how the cows supply us with milk, and butter, and cheese; how much all these dumb creatures do for us, and how little they get in return, and let us try to do what we can to make them happy.

SOME QUESTIONS.

[Others to be added by teachers.]

What are we told in Genesis about cattle?

What are we told in Psalms about cattle?

In what ways are cattle cruelly treated?

What effect has cruelty to cattle, and other animals, upon their meat?

What effect has cruelty to cows on their milk?

What is said about animals being killed instantly without pain?

What did Agassiz teach his pupils about fish?

What is said about cows being kept in stables alone?

What is said about cows kept without fresh air, exercise, and sunshine?

If we want good milk, how must we treat cows?

What did one of the greatest American dairymen say about his cows?

What is said about the intelligence of cattle?

How do they defend themselves against wild animals?

What have oxen been trained to do in Southern Africa?

What can you tell about the cow at North Conway, near the White Mountains?

What can you tell about the boy who was attacked by a wolf?

What can you tell about the cow at Dorchester, near Boston?

What did Daniel Webster do just before he died?

What should we remember and try to do?

FOURTH LESSON.

All-Father! who on Mercy's throne
Hear'st Thy dumb creatures' faintest moan, —
Thy love be ours, and ours shall be
Returned in deeds to these and Thee.

REV. H. B. CARPENTER.

THE HORSE.

[To be read to pupils by Primary Teachers.]

On one of the most travelled roads, just out of the great city of London, England, at the foot of a hill is hung this sign : —

"HORSE'S PETITION TO HIS DRIVER."

"Up the hill whip me not,
Down the hill hurry me not,
In the stable forget me not,
Of hay and grain rob me not,
Of clean water stint me not,
With sponge and brush neglect me not,
Of soft, dry bed deprive me not,
When sick or cold chill me not,
With bit or rein jerk me not,
And, when angry, strike me not."

To which should be added : —

With tight check-rein, check me not,
And do not cover my eyes with blinders.

Mankind can never pay the debt they owe to the horse. Without him, our carts, and wagons, and carriages, and saddles, and sleds and sleighs in winter would be almost useless. We should be compelled to ride after oxen, or go on foot. Horses are now found in most parts of the world, toiling in man's service, receiving in return only their simple food and water, with shelter from the weather sometimes in very cold stables in winter and very hot stables in summer. In Arabia the horses live in tents with the rest of the family, and sleep among the children, whom they are very careful not to harm. The Arabians never whip them.

Horses, like human beings, are sometimes sick and sometimes well, sometimes strong and sometimes weak. They live, *when kindly treated*, thirty to forty or more years, but, like human beings, they require plenty of wholesome food and water, also regular exercise, fresh air, sunlight, and clean stables. Their stomachs are small, and to keep them in health they should be fed and watered often. In Europe you will often see drivers giving their horses slices of bread.

Some persons are very cruel to their horses by letting them go a long time without food and water. Some persons give their horses so little to eat that the horses become very poor. In the little village in Massachusetts near Boston, where I live, a man who pretended to be respectable kept his poor horse half starved ; but one day the village boys got together, and each contributed five cents, and they bought a bag of oats, and that night they went to the man's barn and gave the poor horse a good feed, and left the bag with a label on it, — "*Pre-*

sented by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." After that the poor horse fared better.

Horses know when they are badly treated. I used to drive a very spirited, but perfectly safe, horse which I never struck with a whip. One day when the horse was tied at a neighbor's, some young people thought it would be a good joke to have a free ride. The horse would not have minded that; but the first thing they did was to strike him with the whip. He gave them a good deal faster ride than they wanted, and at the next street-corner upset the carriage and emptied them out; then he ran a few rods further, and then stopped and commenced quietly eating the grass by the side of the road. Those young people received a lesson on the importance of treating an intelligent and spirited horse kindly which they will never forget.

I used to drive another horse as spirited as the one I have just told you about, and I always treated him kindly. One day he was trotting down a steep hill near Boston, with a heavy two-seated carriage, when both the hold-backs broke, and the carriage came upon him. He stopped almost instantly, and held the carriage until all could get out. Do you think if he had been used to being whipped and cruelly treated, he would have done that?

(The Horse continued in next lesson.)

SOME QUESTIONS.

[Others to be added by teachers.]

Where was the horse's petition hung?

What was the horse's petition?

What should be added to it?

What should we be compelled to do if there were no horses?

What pay do the horses get for their labor?

Where do horses live in Arabia?

Do the Arabians whip them?

Do horses vary in health and strength, like men?

How long will horses live when kindly treated?

Why should they be fed and watered often?

What do their drivers often give them in Europe?

What did the boys in a Massachusetts village do to the man who half-starved his horse?

What can you tell about the horse that ran away?

What about the horse when the hold-backs broke?

FIFTH LESSON.

Open thy lips and speak,
Protect the dumb and weak,
Their cause maintain.
Why should we them abuse?
Why these kind friends misuse?
O! let us never choose
To cause them pain.

SIDNEY HERBERT.

THE HORSE — *Continued.*

[To be read to pupils by Primary Teachers.]

In Russia people do not use blinders to cover the eyes of horses, and so they seldom get frightened. They know when to start, because they can see when the people have got into the carriages, and when they hear noises they can see the cause.

Blinders were invented by an English nobleman to hide a defect in the eyes of a valuable horse, and then they were found to be good places for the nobility to put on their coats-of-arms, and so they came into fashion. They injure the eyes of horses, and have caused thousands of accidents, because horses with blinders cannot see behind them. In America, a great many people are beginning to train their horses to go in carriages without blinders, — just as they do in saddles without blinders, — and by-and-by I think they will be out of fashion, and horses, like all other animals, will be permitted to use their eyes.

It is a great cruelty to a horse to tie his head back with a tight check-rein, for he cannot breathe so freely, he cannot draw so much load, nor so easily. Many horses suffer great pain and become diseased because of their cruel check-reins. If a boy had to draw or push a heavy sled or wheelbarrow with a bit in his mouth fastened to his back, which pulled his head away back of his shoulders so that he could not lean forward, then he would know what a horse suffers with a tight check-rein. A check-rein, if used at all, should always be so long that when a horse draws a heavy load up a steep hill, he can put his head as far down as he would put it if he did not have a check-rein. Over five hundred horse-doctors in Great Britain have signed a paper condemning tight check-reins; and I think the time will come when all our men, women, and children will become so humane to horses that they will not make them suffer any longer with tight check-reins.

Some people, when their horses become old, or sick, or lame, sell them for a small sum to cruel men who beat them, and kick them, and starve them, and otherwise abuse them, and then the poor horses have a hard time until

they die. I think that a good horse, that has worked faithfully for his master until he is worn out, never ought to be sold. When he has become too old or worn out to serve a good and merciful master, then he should be killed in a merciful way without pain. This can be done in one instant by shooting him *just in the middle of the top of the front of the head, pretty near the top of the forehead.* The "Massachusetts Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals" publishes a little book that shows how horses and all other domestic animals may be killed in a merciful way, and the Society employs persons in Boston to kill them.

Five other things about the horse are worthy of being told, namely: (1st.) That the strongest part of the horse is just behind his shoulders, and the rider who leans forward in the saddle tires his horse less than one who leans back. (2d.) That when, because of old age, the teeth of horses do not properly chew the food, they can often be put in good condition by horse-doctors. (3d.) That it is just as cruel to keep a horse in his stable for days without exercise, fresh air, and sunshine, as it would be to keep a boy in the house several days without exercise, fresh air, and sunshine. Horses should have some exercise every day. (4th.) That horses like to have other horses or other animals in the stable with them, and perhaps feel almost as lonely without them as boys do when they have no companions. (5th.) It has been found by experiments in Great Britain that horses which work hard six days in the week will last much longer and do more work in a life-time, if permitted to rest every seventh day. And this reminds me that a friend of mine near Boston, Mass., used to drive his horse six days of every week to the railway station, and the seventh day, by a different road, to church. After a time the horse learned this, and of his own accord would take the road to the railway station six days in the week, and every seventh day the road to church.

Horses differ in intelligence, but they all know when they are kindly treated, and whether you speak kindly to them or not, and they all like to be kindly spoken to. I could tell you many true stories about the kindness of horses, but it would make this lesson too long. If you want to be kind to horses, always refuse to ride after a horse that is sick or lame, or that seems to be poorly fed and weak.

SOME QUESTIONS.

[Others to be added by teachers.]

In what country are blinders not used on horses?

Who invented them, and what for?

Why is it better to learn horses to go without blinders?

Why is it cruel to tie up a horse's head with a tight check-rein?

Could a boy push or pull a load well with a tight check-rein, and why not?

How long should a check-rein be, if used at all?

When a horse gets old, or sick, or lame, is it right to sell him to strangers?

How can he be killed in a merciful way?

Does a rider who leans forward in the saddle tire a horse more or less than one who leans back, and why?

When the teeth of old horses become bad, what can be done for them?

Should a horse be kept in a stable without exercise, fresh air, and sunshine? If not, why not?

Why do horses like to have other animals in stables with them?

What has been found in England in regard to horses that work hard six days in a week?

What can you tell about the horse in Massachusetts that used to go to the railway station week-days and to church Sundays?

Do horses know when they are kindly spoken to?

If you want to be kind to horses, what should you always refuse to do?

SIXTH LESSON

O! let each boy and girl
Sweet Mercy's flag unfurl,
And love its cause.
Dare to be kind and true,
Give each dumb thing its due,
Win them in love to you
By God's own laws.

THE DOG.

[To be read to pupils by Primary Teachers]

In 1858 a funeral procession entered the old Gray Friar's grave-yard in the city of Edinburgh, Scotland. It was the funeral of a poor man, and the chief mourner who followed the hearse was the poor man's dog.

After the funeral all the human friends of this poor man went to their homes, but the dog would not leave his master's grave. Day after day people tried to get the dog away, but he would keep coming back to his master's grave. Finally, it became known through the city, and the neighbors fed the dog and gave him shelter in cold weather, and the Lord Provost, or Mayor of the City, gave him a collar; and for about fourteen years, up to his death in 1872, he did not leave the neighborhood of his master's grave.

A few years ago that excellent English lady, the Baroness Burdett Coutts, caused a monument to be built for him near the entrance to the Gray Friar's Church-yard, and it will prob-

ably stand hundreds of years to tell the people of Edinburgh about this faithful dog.

And now let us see what dogs do for us. In the cold Northern countries where there are no horses or oxen, dogs are used to draw the sleds over the ice and snow. In other countries they are used to hunt wolves and other wild animals, and sometimes to follow bad men who have committed crimes. In countries where large numbers of sheep are raised, they guard the sheep, keeping off all wild animals. In some countries it would not be possible to keep sheep if there were no dogs to guard them. In some places it would not be possible, without dogs, to protect chickens and poultry from foxes and other wild animals.

Thousands of human lives have been saved by them, — lives of persons who have fallen into the water and would have drowned if dogs had not jumped in and pulled them out. In one case, while I was in London, England, about eleven years ago, a man fell into the water and sank to the bottom, and a good dog dove to the bottom and brought him up, and brought him safe to the shore. Some of us gave money to buy a beautiful collar for this dog, and on it we had written: "*A member of the Royal Humane Society.*" Sometimes dogs save shipwrecked sailors by swimming with ropes from the wreck to the shore.

They have saved many lives of persons who have been almost frozen or buried under the snow. In one case I knew of: three little children at Gloucester, Mass., going home from school in a great snow-storm, lost their way and were covered with snow, and would have died if a good dog had not found them.

And then dogs guard our houses in the night when we are all asleep, and drive off robbers and other bad people, or if bad people try to get in, they bark and awaken us. Only a short time since, I knew of a case in which a whole family would have been burned to death in their house, in the night, if the dog had not barked and waked them; and of another case, in which a whole family would have died in the night from coal-gas which was coming out of a stove, if the dog had not barked and waked them.

There are many books filled with stories about the good things dogs have done, and many other books might be filled with other stories just as good. They have always been the friends and companions of human beings, and are generally, when kindly treated, very kind to children. A great writer of books, named *Cuvier*, who has studied this whole subject, thinks that men could spare any other animal better than they could spare dogs.

Some dogs that have been badly treated become cross and dangerous. Some men and boys treat them cruelly, but when they have been treated kindly, I think they are almost always kind. Some of the greatest and best men that have ever lived have been

very fond of dogs. Such men as Sir Walter Scott and Sir Edwin Landseer. And poor men often find them their best friends. A poor, sick colored man, sometime since, travelled on foot hundreds of miles to the hospital at Louisville, Kentucky, to see if he could get cured, having with him his dog. But when they told him he must abandon his dog and turn him into the street, because they would not have any dog in the hospital, the poor man took the dog in his arms, and with tears running down his face, said he would rather die with his dog than turn him into the street and go to the hospital. I am glad to say that when they found how much he loved the dog, they let the dog go into the hospital with him.

It is very cruel to keep dogs in the house all the time. They want to run and play just as much as boys do, and if kept in the house all the time will soon become sick. They should always have a comfortable place cold nights, and plenty of good water as often as they want it, and they should not be fed so often as to make them fat and unhealthy. And when, because of old age and sickness, their lives become painful and it is necessary to kill them, then they should always be killed instantly, without knowing that they are going to be killed, and without pain. And we should always be very careful to speak kindly to dogs unless they have done wrong, for there is no animal that suffers more when spoken to unkindly, or that is more happy when spoken kindly to. And I think we ourselves are always made happier by doing acts of kindness to these friendly creatures.

Many more things I should be glad to tell you about dogs, but it would make this lesson too long.

SOME QUESTIONS.

[Others to be added by teachers.]

What can you tell about the dog that would not leave his master's grave?

Who caused a monument to be built for this dog, and where?

What are dogs used for in Northern countries, and why?

What are they used for in other countries?

Mention some of the ways in which they have saved human lives.

What can you tell about the dog that was called "A member of the Royal Humane Society?"

What can you tell about the three children saved by a dog at Gloucester, Mass.?

What can you tell about the family that came near being burned in the night, and the other family that came near dying from coal-gas?

What did Cuvier think about dogs?

Name some of the great men who loved dogs.

What can you tell about the poor colored man at the Louisville (Kentucky) hospital?

Why should dogs not be kept in the house all the time?

What should dogs always have?

When through sickness and old age, life has become painful to them, how should they be killed?

Why should we speak kindly to dogs?

SEVENTH LESSON.

The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests and have the gift of song.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE BIRDS.

[To be read to pupils by Primary Teachers.]

It has been said that "if there were not a bird in broad Scotland, yet her hills and valleys would echo the music of her maidens, singing the sweet melodies of her own Robert Burns."

But that is not true; for if there were not a bird in broad Scotland the insects that birds feed upon would eat up the vegetation, the country would become a desert, and so not a maiden could live in broad Scotland.

A learned Frenchman, named *Michelet*, who has studied a great deal about birds, says that "*if all the birds were destroyed, men could not live on the earth*," because the insects which birds feed upon would become so numerous. Some of our little birds eat thousands of caterpillars and other small insects in a single week. A single little bird which a thoughtless boy may shoot would if permitted to live, have destroyed perhaps more than a hundred thousand insects; and every egg taken from a little bird's nest, makes one bird less to destroy these insects.

In America, I am sorry to say that little birds are becoming more scarce, and troublesome insects are becoming more numerous. In new countries, where men and boys have not frightened the birds away, they let us go close up to them and see how they make their cunning nests, and how they feed their young, and how they teach their little birds to fly. Mr. Ruskin, a famous Englishman, much loved by his countrymen, says (in substance) that it is his fondest wish to make English boys and girls kind to the birds. And it looks as though he would have his wish, for "The

Dicky Bird Society," about which I told you in my first lesson, has now more than thirty-seven thousand boys and girls who are members of it, and each has promised to try to get other boys and girls to join it.

You remember *Thoreau*, about whom I also told you in my first lesson, and how kind he was to the birds, and how they would fly onto his shoulders, and even onto his spade when he was digging. I saw in the city of Paris, in France, a few years ago, in one of the great public gardens, a man who had been so kind to the wild birds there that they would light on his hands and feed from his fingers. In the city of Venice, in Italy, the people feed the pigeons every day at noon, in the great public square of Saint Mark, and when it is near the hour of noon, you will see the pigeons flying from all parts of the city, over the roofs of the buildings to be fed. It is a crime in Venice to harm a pigeon.

Some people wonder where the birds go to in winter. They forget that birds have wings, and some of them can fly farther toward warmer climates in one day than we could go with horses and carriages in a week. It is said that swallows can fly sixty miles an hour, and that one bird, called the "*Frigate-bird*," can cross the tropical Atlantic Ocean in a single night. Some of these birds have most beautiful plumage, which we should constantly admire if we treated them kindly as Thoreau did, so that they would come near us. And some of them have songs so beautiful that one good man was led to say, "Lord, what music hast Thou provided for saints in heaven, when Thou givest such sweet music to men on earth!"

Some years ago, an Englishman was coming down the River Nile, in Egypt, on a large boat loaded with grain, and the birds came off from every village and eat the grain piled on the deck. The Englishman asked the Egyptian captain of the boat "Who owns this grain?" and the Egyptian captain said, "I own it." Then the Englishman asked him why he let the birds eat up the grain. Then the Egyptian asked the Englishman, "Who made the birds?" and the Englishman answered, "God." Then the Egyptian asked whether grain was a food which God intended birds to eat; and the Englishman said it was. Then the Egyptian said, "Let them eat and be satisfied, for God in his goodness has provided enough for all his creatures."

It is very wicked and cruel to kill or wound these little birds that are so useful and sing so sweetly, and enjoy life so much; and it is still more wicked and cruel to kill or wound them in spring-time, when their little nests are full of young that may starve if the mother-bird is injured; and it is just as cruel to catch them, and keep them in little cages away from all *their* friends and companions, as it would be for some giant to catch little boys and girls, and keep them in little cages away from all *their* friends and

companions. But this is not true in regard to such tame birds as canary-birds, which have never been free. If they have kind persons to care for them, and good cages, and plenty to eat and drink, and are protected carefully from the weather, and perhaps permitted to fly about the house an hour or two each day, they may be very happy. I usually let my canary-bird fly about my house several hours a day, and he will fly to my fingers when I call him; though he rather prefers to fly to the top of my head, and play with me there. When I do not want him to sing I put a little mirror in his cage, taking care never to let the sun or lamp shine in it so as to dazzle his eyes, and he will look at himself for hours together, and keep as quiet as a mouse.

If you think that birds don't understand you when you speak kindly to them, you are mistaken. Two or three years ago, a good lady whom I know, near Boston, had a canary-bird that she loved very dearly, and had never spoken to unkindly. But one day she came home to dinner very late, and her husband, — an excellent man, who had been waiting for her a long time, — spoke very crossly as good men sometimes do. Just then the bird began to call to her, and to make her husband ashamed of having spoken to her so crossly, she spoke to the bird in the same way. A few minutes after she heard a fluttering in its cage, and when she went to it the bird was dead. Birds know a great deal more than some folks think they do. They knew when *Thoreau* spoke kindly to them, and they know when others speak unkindly.

I think no one ever feeds the birds, or does any other kind deed for them, without feeling happier, and being made better by it. If you don't believe what I say, try it.

Walter Von Vogelweide, the great lyric poet of the middle ages, so loved them that he left a legacy to the monks of Wurtzburg, on condition that they should every day feed the birds on the tombstone over his grave.

SOME QUESTIONS.

[Others to be added by teachers.]

What has been said of Scotland, and why is it not true?

What did Michelet say about birds?

What do some of our little birds eat?

What is said about birds and insects in America?

What is said about birds in new countries?

What did Mr. Ruskin say about birds?

How many members does the "Dicky Bird Society" of England now have?

What can you tell about Thoreau?

What about the birds in Paris?

What about the pigeons at Venice?

Where do most birds go in winter?

How fast can they fly?

What has been said about the beautiful songs of birds?

What can you tell about the Englishman coming down the Nile?

Why is it more wicked to injure birds in spring-time?

What is said about catching wild birds and keeping them in cages?

What is said about tame canary-birds?

What can you tell about the canary-bird near Boston?

Do birds understand when you speak kindly?

What is said about Walter Von Vogelweide?

EIGHTH LESSON.

Dear friends! fair women, sweet with all your nameless charms and wiles,
Bright, laughing maidens, flitting by in innocence and smiles,
Gay children, grave and bearded men, we pray you all give ear;
Dear friends, kind friends, we turn to you for sympathy and cheer.
Uphold us in our noble work, nor let us speak in vain
For those too helpless to protest, too patient to complain.

THE CAT.

[To be read to pupils by Primary Teachers.]

We have many reasons for being grateful for cats. They catch rats and mice. They are a daily delight and amusement to hundreds of thousands of children, and they make hundreds of thousands of homes happier by their presence.

Many eminent men in European countries have been very fond of them. The famous Dr. Johnson, of England seemed to think quite as much of his cat as of any human friend. The famous Cardinal Wolsey, of England, used to receive the nobles of the land with his favorite cat perched on the arm of his state chair, or at the back of his throne. The great statesman of France, Richelieu, once excused himself from rising to receive a foreign ambassador, because his favorite cat and her kittens were lying on his robes. Petrarch, the great poet of Italy, had his favorite cat embalmed when she died.

In Eastern countries cats have been even more highly esteemed than in Europe or America. In Egypt, where it is supposed tamed cats were first used, they were considered sacred, and when they died were embalmed and placed in niches in the catacombs.

It is said that a Persian King once, before going into battle with the Eygptians, gave each of his soldiers in the front ranks a live cat to carry before him, and the Egyptians surrendered to the Persians rather than injure the cats, which they considered sacred. It is said that the Eastern prophet, Mohammed, was so fond of

his favorite cat that when it fell asleep on the sleeve of his robe one day, he cut off the sleeve rather than disturb the slumber of the cat, and it it is said that to this day, almost every Mohammedan in those Eastern countries has a cat in his house, which he loves and makes to share all his comforts.

Some of the peculiarities of cats are these: They can see very well in the night. They can climb trees by sticking their sharp claws into the bark. They can leap down considerable distances without hurting them, and walk without noise, because they have little pads under their toes. They have long whiskers, or hairs, on their foreheads and cheeks, by which they know whether holes are large enough for their bodies to go through. They have very sharp teeth, very strong jaws, and very rough tongues. They are very fond of meats and fish. They do not like to get wet, and they have the power, when carried long distances to new homes, of finding their way back again to the old ones very quickly if they want to. I remember an instance in which a cat was carried on a sail-boat some twelve miles, from one Massachusetts coast-town to another, and in about two days, as I remember, she found her way overland back to her old home.

That they reason about things, I have often proved by turning my cat out of the dining-room into the kitchen, leaving the outer door into the front hall, or entry, open. She would go up the back stairs, down the front stairs, and in about two minutes walk back through the front door into the dining-room.

It is said that the great Italian poet, Dante, trained his cat to hold a candle in her paw for him to read; but one night a friend turned a mouse out of a box onto his table, when the cat at once dropped the candle and rushed for the mouse.

But while cats are useful in these various ways, they should never be allowed to become too numerous, because they are apt to eat the little birds, which are quite as useful, and sometimes more so than the cats; and when not properly fed, they are apt to catch and eat young chickens. I think that every one who keeps a cat should see that it has proper food and water, and should keep it in the house or stable, nights, so that it may not kill these useful little birds, or the chickens. And I think where there are already cats enough, that all the kittens but one should be killed in a humane way as soon as they are born, and that the most humane way of killing them is that usually practised in this country, by drowning.

SOME QUESTIONS.

[Others to be added by teachers.]

Why should we be grateful for cats?

What is said of the famous Doctor Johnson?

What is said of Cardinal Wolsey?

What is said of the French statesman, Richelieu?

What is said of Petrarch, the great poet of Italy?

How are cats esteemed in Eastern countries?

How are they considered and treated in Egypt?

What is said about a Persian King?

What is said about Mohammed?

What is said about the Mohammedans?

What are some of the peculiarities of cats?

What is said about their finding their way long distances?

What is said about cats reasoning?

What is said about Dante's cat?

What is said about their eating little birds and chickens?

How should those who have cats keep them?

What is said about the kittens when they are too numerous?

NINTH LESSON.

For, lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold:
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS.

THE SHEEP, THE PIG, THE TOAD.

[To be read to pupils by Primary Teachers.]

For our warm woollen clothing, our blankets, and shawls, and stockings, and mittens, and carpets, and everything that is made of wool, we are indebted to those kind and harmless creatures, sheep and lambs.

The lamb has been for ages the type of innocence. In Eastern countries sheep are most kindly cared for, and tenderly treated. The Eastern shepherd does not drive his sheep, but leads them, carrying the feeblest lamb in his arms. When the Psalmist would speak of God's kindness, he says: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside still waters."

In Europe and America I fear they are not treated so kindly. Some men are so wicked that in winter and cold weather they cut off the warm fleeces from these poor creatures, and then send them to the markets, where they sometimes shiver and freeze several days before they are killed. And in

some of our slaughter-houses some men are so cruel that they kill them in the presence of each other, and not separately as they should be killed.

PIGS are generally considered, and found to be very dirty, but that is the fault of their keepers, not of the pigs. They would be very glad to get clean straw, clean water, clean food, and a clean sty, and then they would be cleaner than some children. Nothing pleases them better than to be kindly treated.

Pigs are very intelligent. Some of them have been taught many cunning tricks, such as to pick out the letters of the alphabet, and make a word out of them.

Some years ago, I was walking near North Conway, New Hampshire, one day, when a large dog came from a house and followed me. A little farther on another dog came from another house and followed me, and when, a few minutes later, I looked behind, I found a large pig following me. I walked a considerable distance, and they all followed. Then I went back to the house the last dog came from and asked how this happened. The man told me that his dog was the friend of the first dog that followed me, and his pig and dog were such friends that it was almost impossible to keep them apart. Wherever the dog went the pig would follow.

I read, some time ago, a very funny story about a dog and pig kept on board a ship. They were good friends, but liked to play tricks on one another. The dog had a nice kennel which the pig would try to get into in stormy weather, but as it was only large enough for one, when the pig got in first, the dog had to stay out. One day it began storming and the pig went to the kennel, but found the dog already there. Piggie thought a little, and then went to the dish out of which both were fed, and began to make a noise with his mouth as though he was eating. The dog pricked up his ears, came out of the kennel and ran for the dish, when piggie ran for the kennel, and got snugly fixed there before the dog had found out the trick.

It is a great pity that men treat these creatures so cruelly in sending them on railroad cars thousands of miles without food or water, so that many thousands of them die on the way. And it is a great pity that many of them are killed in a most cruel manner. When I was in the great slaughter-houses of Paris, France, I found that pigs and hogs were always stunned by a single blow on the head with a long-handled, round, wooden mallet, before they were killed, and so they died without knowing that they were to be killed, and without suffering.

And now I have a few words to say about that very useful and good creature, though not very handsome, the TOAD.

All children should know that toads are not only entirely harmless, but are among our best friends. They live on, and destroy thousand of ants, spiders,

and the many bugs that injure our gardens. In France they are considered so valuable in gardens that they are sold at from fifteen to seventeen dollars a hundred, or fifteen to twenty-five cents a piece.

The great Duke of Wellington, many years ago, found a little boy crying because he had to go away from home to school in another town, and there would be no one to feed the toad which he was in the habit of feeding every morning, and the noble-hearted Duke, sympathizing with his young friend, promised that he would see that the toad was fed every morning. This he did, and letter after letter came to this little boy from Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, telling him that the toad was alive and well.

SOME QUESTIONS.

[Others to be added by teachers.]

For what articles are we indebted to sheep and lambs?

What has the lamb been for ages?

What is said about the eastern shepherd?

What does the Psalmist say?

How are they sometimes cruelly treated in winter?

How are they cruelly treated in slaughter-houses?

What is said about pigs being clean?

What about their intelligence?

What can you tell about the pig near North Conway?

What about the pig on the ship?

How are they cruelly treated on railroads?

How are they killed in Paris?

What is said about toads and their value in France?

What can you tell about the great Duke of Wellington's care for a toad?

TENTH LESSON.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all. COLERIDGE.

ANECDOTES.

[To be read to pupils by Primary Teachers.]

"A man of kindness to his beast is kind,
But brutal actions show a brutal mind:
Remember *He* who made thee, made the brute;
Who gave *thee* speech and reason formed *him* mute.
He can't complain, but God's all-seeing eye
Beholds *thy* cruelty, and hears *his* cry,
He was designed thy servant, not thy drudge;
And know that *his* creator is *thy* judge."
—*Anon.*

A teacher of a large public school in England has, during many years, been carefully teaching the children in his school, kindness to animals, — to feed the birds, and pat the horses, and enjoy making all God's harmless creatures happy; and he now tells us that out of about seven thousand children that have gone out from his school, n.t

one has ever been charged with a criminal offence in any court.

A celebrated French teacher (M. DeSailly) has been teaching the children in his school, ever since 1851, kindness to animals. He says it has had the best influence on their lives and characters. He has found them "not only more kind to animals, but more gentle and affectionate toward each other," and he hopes that principles of kindness to animals will soon be taught in every school. In more than five thousand French schools regular lessons are now given the children on this subject, and as I have before said in these papers, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of societies of children have been formed in the schools of England, France and other countries, to protect animals from cruelty. Out of about two thousand criminals in American prisons, inquired of on the subject, it was found that only twelve had any pet animal during their childhood.

About six hundred prizes are now given every year to the scholars in English schools who write the best compositions on kindness to animals. They have been presented to these scholars by the daughters of the Queen, and other distinguished persons, in the presence of large audiences, numbering at one time nearly ten thousand people. And I was glad to read, the other day, what two brave English boys did to prevent cruelty to a cat which three wicked boys, or *hoodlums*, had stolen, and having tied a string to her neck, were, for fun, throwing her into a broad ditch of water and then dragging her out. These two brave boys were smaller than the hoodlums, and they offered to give all the money they both had,—about a shilling,—if they would let the cat go, but the hoodlums only laughed at them and refused. Finding there was no other way to save the cat, they both suddenly rushed on the big hoodlum and pitched him into the ditch where he had been throw the cat; then they rushed with such force at the one who was holding the cat that he dropped her; then they rushed at the third one, and he ran away; and then they picked up the cat and ran away themselves before the hoodlums could get ready to follow. It was a brave battle, fought against great odds, for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and I think the boys who did it deserve to be made knights of the "Legion of Honor" as much as any man who ever fought on battle-field.

I read another good story the other day, about a distinguished clergyman of Massachusetts, known throughout the Nation as a great and good man. It is about one of the experiences of his childhood, and I will tell it in his own words. He says, "I saw, one day, a little spotted turtle sunning itself in the shallow water, and I lifted the stick in my hand to kill it, for, though I had never killed any creature, I had seen other boys kill birds, squirrels, and the like, and I had a disposition to follow their wicked example; but all at once something checked my

little arm, and a voice within me said, clear and loud, '*It is wrong*,' and so I held my uplifted stick until the turtle vanished from my sight. Then I went home and told my mother, and asked her what it was that told me it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye, and took me in her arms, and said: '*Some call it conscience, but I call it the voice of God in the human soul.* If you listen to it and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right. But if you do not listen to it, or disobey it, then it will fade out, little by little, and leave you in the dark without a guide. Your life, my child, depends on heeding that little voice.'"

The celebrated Dr. Channing writes in one of his books, "I would not crush the meanest (harmless) insect that crawls upon the ground. It has the same right to life that I have. It received it from the same Father, and I will not harm the works of God by wanton cruelty."

In my parlor I have a beautiful picture, — a hunter with bow and arrow about to shoot a mountain deer that stands unconscious of his danger; but suddenly, behind the deer, appears in the mist the dim but gigantic form of the Spirit of the Mountains, with uplifted hands. The terrified hunter drops his bow and spares the life he could not restore. Remember, children, whenever you may be tempted to take without cause the innocent life of any creature, that there is present everywhere, that great and pure Spirit upon whose mercy you depend, and who knows every wrong that you may inflict on the humblest of his creatures. Protect the weak, relieve the suffering, make the world happier that you have lived in it, and you will be happier yourselves in this life, and better prepared for life immortal.

SOME QUESTIONS.

[Others to be added by teachers.]

Who can recite the first piece of poetry?

Who can recite the second?

What is said about a large public school in England?

What is said about a French school?

What about lessons on kindness to animals, in French schools?

What about societies of children in England, France, and other countries?

What is said about criminals in American prisons?

What about prizes given in English schools?

What can you tell about two brave English boys?

What about a distinguished clergyman of Massachusetts?

What did the celebrated Doctor Channing write?

What can you tell about the picture of the hunter and the Spirit of the Mountains.

MY CANARY BIRD.

Since writing these lessons, a Baltimore lady asks me to say something for caged canary birds kept in the hot sun, neglected and suffering.

I believe that cruelty to a CAGED bird is a sin in the sight of God, and if those who do it, or permit it, are not SOMEWHERE held accountable, there is no such thing as justice.

I have, as I have previously stated in these lessons, a canary myself. I would not take a thousand dollars for him if I could not get another. I permit him to fly about our rooms for several hours a day. I don't starve him on poor canary seed. I feed him what I think he would like if he could help himself,—crumbs of coarse bread and flour bread, always a cracker in his cage, fruit, lettuce, chickweed,—anything I think a bird would like, and he takes, like other people, just what he likes, and refuses what he don't like, and is tough and strong and as happy as a bird can be. I have had him now going on three years. He plays with me, comes to my fingers, shoulders, head. I chase him and he chases me and sings little songs of triumph when I fail to catch him. I never leave him in a hot sun. I never hang him up in a hot room to suffer and wilt. I never put him in a cold room to shiver. If he was sad, I should be sad, and if he should sicken and die, I should shed more tears than I should over some of those who abuse little birds and other so-called dumb creatures. I make him very happy when he is caged by giving him a little mirror, which I so hang that the sun or lights shall not dazzle him. When I want him to stop singing, I always give him the mirror, and he will stand and look at his pretty self hours together, and keep perfectly quiet.

He sings in the morning his happy song of thanksgiving, and just before sundown his evening hymn, and sometimes later I hear his soft, sweet notes as though he were saying his little prayers to his Maker and mine.

As I believe in an omniscient God, without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls to the ground, *so* I believe that I shall be held accountable for the happiness or unhappiness I may bring into this little bird life that God has kindly given to make my life happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

And having written of caged birds, I will give the readers of these lessons one story about wild birds, which I wish every boy in America might read.

A GOOD SHOT.

A SHORT TALE IN SHORT WORDS FOR BOYS BOTH TALL AND SHORT.

Once there was a boy who was a good marksman with a stone or a sling-shot, or a bow-and-arrow or a cross-bow, or an air-gun, or anything

he took aim with. So he went about all day, aiming at everything he came near. Even at his meals he would think about good shots at the clock, or the cat, or the flies on the wall, or anything he chanced to see.

Near where he lived there lived a little *bird* that had a nest and five young birds. So many large mouths in small heads, always open wide for food, kept her hard at work. From dawn to dark she flew here and there, over fields and woods and roads, getting worms, and flies, and bugs, and seeds and such things as she knew were good for her young birds. It was a great wonder what lots of food those five small things could eat. What she brought each day would have filled that nest full up to the top, yet they ate it all and asked for more before daylight next morning. Though it was such hard work, she was glad to do it, and went on day after day, always flying off with a gay chirp, and back with a bit of some kind of food—and though she did not eat much herself except what stuck to her bill after she had fed them, yet she never let them want; not even the smallest and weakest of them. The little fellow could not ask as loudly as the others, yet she always fed him first. One day, when she had picked up a worm, and perched a minute on the wall before flying to her nest, the good marksman saw her and of course aimed at her and hit her in the side. She was much hurt and in great pain, yet she fluttered and limped, and dragged herself to the foot of the tree where her nest was, but she could not fly up to her nest, for her wing was broken. She chirped a little and the young ones heard her, and as they were hungry they chirped back loudly, and she knew all their voices, even the weak note of the smallest of all; but she could not come up to them, not even tell them why she did not come. And when she heard the call of the small one she tried again to rise, but only one of her wings would move, and that just turned her over on the side of the broken wing. All the rest of that day the little mother lay there, and when she chirped her children answered, and when they chirped she answered, only when the good marksman chanced to pass by; then she kept quite still. But her voice grew fainter and weaker, and late in the day the young ones could not hear it any more, but she could still hear them. Some time in the night the mother-bird died, and in the morning she lay there quite cold and stiff, with her dim eyes still turned up to the nest where her young ones were dying of hunger. But they did not die so soon. All day long they slept, until their hunger waked them up, and then called until they were so tired they fell asleep again. And the next night was very cold and they missed their mother's warm breast, and before day-dawn they all died, one after the other, excepting the smallest, which was lowest down in the nest, and in the morning he pushed up his head and opened his yellow mouth to be fed; but there was no one to feed him, and so he died, too, at last, with his mouth wide open and empty. And so, the good marksman had killed six birds with one shot—the mother and her five young ones. Do you not think he must be a proud boy? Should you not like to do the same? If you know him, please read this little tale to him. He may like to hear it.—*Joseph Kirkland, in St. Nicholas.*

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